

Mr. Charles' s Hidden Wife Chapter 8

Chapter 8 You like her, right?

The woman was very beautiful and elegant.

Seeing Henson coming with a woman, she was startled for a second. But she still stood up and smile gently.

"Henson. This is ..."

Henson smiles slightly, "This is Howell's home tutor. You can call her Miss Evans."

The woman smiled to this answer and said, " Miss Evans. Nice to meet you! I am Daisy Hunt."

Wendy nodded to her, "Nice to meet you! Miss. Hunt."

Henson said, "Take a seat."

Then Wendy sat down next to him.

Daisy moved her eyes away to Henson. "I was worried that this meal would affect your work."

"No, but you would not mind that I also take Miss Evans here, right? After all, I made an earlier appointment with Miss Evans before."

Daisy shook her head with a laugh. "Not at all. I hope Miss Evans won't mind. I ordered food that you like. But I don't know what Miss Evans would like to eat, so how about I get a menu for you, Miss Evans?"

"I'm good. Miss. Hunt. I'm not a picky eater."

Henson's hand naturally stroked on Wendy's head. He said with love, "She's not picky with food. She also likes what I like."

Daisy's smile froze for his action.

But she still said, "That's good. Then Miss Evans would have a good meal."

Wendy's was awkward. Henson's sudden stroke shocked her abruptly.

During the whole dinner, Henson served her with different food like a gentle boyfriend.

And Daisy ate her food gracefully and quietly.

But sometimes she would so take a glance at Wendy without emotion.

After dinner, they left together.

Henson brought Daisy to the car with one arm around Wendy's shoulder.

Daisy turned around to have a look at Wendy. Then she asked softly, "Miss Evans. Can I have a few talk with Henson in private?"

"Sure. I will go back to the car." She turned around and walked to Henson's car.

After she left, Daisy bit her lips. She looked at Henson with red eyes and asked, "How are you doing?"

"Good."

"Don't try to make me angry in this way anymore. I don't want you to get hurt."

Henson moved away his eyes. "I am not angry at you. I truly feel that Miss Evans is very good, don't you think so?"

"Henson, I know you. I know you did this for me ..."

Henson looked up, "You should go home. I have to send Miss Evans back to school. Besides I have a meeting in the afternoon."

He then opened the door for her.

Daisy sighed and lowered her eyes. "I'm sorry," she said. Then she got into the car and left.

When Henson returned to the car, Wendy smiled mischievously at him with arms crossed.

Henson frowned. "What are you laughing about?"

"You like Daisy, right?"

Henson looked to her sharply.

She pursed her lips. "You bring me here to provoke Miss. Hunt, right? You don't have to this. Il can see that she likes you too."

"What do you know? No more nonsense to me in the future." With a cold face, he started the car to drive away.

In the future? They won't meet again.

She didn't want any contact with such a big figure.

Her mother taught her that rich men were unreliable. And if she ran into a rich man, it's better for her to escape far away.

She didn't want to make the same mistake with Gorman.

Yes, to some degree, she might be overthinking it.

But knowing that he liked someone made she feel more relaxed. At least, she didn't need to be very alert.